

# **The Encounter**

## **A Short Story**

### **By**

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Rev Lamont Wilson of the 14th Street Baptist Church started out small, then after 09/11, got asked to start a TV ministry. Things grew beyond his wildest imagination, and they had chauffeur driven limousines, and a much nicer condo in an upscale neighborhood. By his 61st Birthday, he wasn't recognizable to his original church members, most of whom had seen through his antics, and left for other churches. He had surrounded himself with yes-men and sycophants. His wife Fiona was in very poor health with Congestive Heart Failure, and he'd taken to secretly surfing the Internet looking for interracial porn. As a young man, his first sexual encounter was with a \$5 prostitute, and later while he was married, he cheated on Fiona once while she was pregnant with Tyrone. He felt badly, and repented from his wicked deeds, but the seeds were planted.

One day, he was reading the Internet, and came across a news article saying the Muslims were going to destroy America because of their "perversions".

After reading the story, he was furious at the Radical Muslims, then had a devious, wicked thought. "What if we helped the Muslims take out the worst offenders and leave the rest of us alone."

Rev Wilson started making a list of cities and places to target, and started planning to eliminate Sodomites and Whores as he called them. Since he lived in Atlanta, the list basically consisted of most of the biggest cities in the US on both coasts, with some specific notorious targets thrown in. Once he started planning, his Sunday Sermons, which used to be temperate "Love the Sinner, Hate the Sin" anti-gay sermons on a regular basis soon switched to a message of Hate and Vengeance, and that the Sodomites and Whores were destroying this country for "Good Christian People" and inviting our Enemies to attack us. Over the next couple of weeks and months, his congregation slowly changed as the few people who realized that Rev. Wilson had stopped preaching from the Bible, and started preaching Hate had left, and other "rabble-rousers" who wanted to "Blame Whitey" for everything started showing up and verbally agreeing with him. Eventually, he was noticed by the Black Muslim organizations, which resulted in a very delicate and sensitive recruiting meeting. He thought the Pastor he spoke with was another Black Baptist like him, in fact he was a member of several Radical Black Muslim organizations, but didn't wear the Muslim garb so he could more effectively recruit non-Muslims. Over the next couple of weeks, they had discussed Lamont's idea, and he committed to help them rid the US of Sodomites and Whores. They used him to plot and plan, and to take trips to the various areas under the guise of ministering to them, when all he felt was hate and self-righteous rage at them instead of Godly love and sorrow for them. He wanted to burn his suits when he got back, but his contact said they might need more information, and he decided not to burn his suit.

The date of the attacks, he was sitting in his living room watching the TV when CNN came on and showed the devastation. When they showed what he assumed to be the "God-forsaken Heathens" in the gay bars, bath houses and theatres he grinned a wicked grin. Once the scenes switched to all the little children who were killed in a nearby daycare center, he started feeling bad, and got steadily worse. Never once did he fall to his knees in

repentance, but said to himself "Can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs." That evening, he was watching the news, and it showed a horrific scene of women and children blown apart when the terrorists took out a mall, and suddenly Rev Wilson had a massive coronary and died. The next thing he knew, he was standing before Jesus, but strangely, he didn't look happy to see him.

"Lamont, you showed such promise as a young minister. Why'd you have to go and let your pride get in the way?"

"A bigger church meant I could save more people."

"You also drove more away than you would have saved with your Hollywood Histrionics."

"I did the best I could."

"The Best You Could" would have been to follow my lead, and save those I put before you, not go off on a pride-filled Quest to save everyone in the US. That wasn't your job. Then you had to go and rid the world of "Sodomites and Whores" – isn't that what you said?"

"They were destroying the country, I had to save it."

"Again, how do you think you can do anything without my help – you were so blinded by Pride you didn't realize you were doing the Devil's work, and stopped doing my work years ago."

"But I prophesized and healed in your name."

"I tell you – I knew you not. Away from me, you evildoer. Those were MY kids you killed today, just as certainly as you would have detonated the bomb. Some of them were going to be doctors and firefighters who would have gone on to save people's lives, and affected other people. Some of them would have repented, and now you took away their chance to repent. You had to play God, and I'm forced to send you to Hell for Eternity. Goodbye Forever."

**The End**

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